McKean County Miner.

VOLUME XXII. SMETHPORT, PA., FRIDAY, MARCH 6, 1885. NUMBER 10.

McKean County Miner.

L. ROGERS, Proprietor.

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Mail with B. N. Y. & P. (Clermont Branch) arrives at 12:15 p. m. and closes at 6:27 p. m., and leaves at 8:30 a. m., and 2:30 p. m.

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C. V. POWELL, Recorder.

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Post 97, G. A. R., meets every Thursday evening in the A. O. U. W. Hall, Hamlin Block.

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Meets every Saturday evening at Hamlin Hall.

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ST. ELIZABETH CATHOLIC CHURCH.—J. J. Gallagher, pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:00 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each alternate Sunday at Smethport and Clermont.

Newspapers & Printers.

Bumpus—J. C. Bachus.
Asst' Engineer—Frank Sloan.
Captain—L. Aynesworth. Wm. Ramer, A. P. Garfinkel, John Beeman, W. B. Gallup, Chris. Siberer.
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Judges of Election—S. J. Gifford.
Inspectors—S. A. Hazlett, A. D. Smith.
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County Directory.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge.—A. G. Olmsted, Coudersport.
Prothonotary, &c.—Henry Hamlin, Smethport.
Sheriff.—W. W. Litchfield.
Treasurer.—W. W. Brown, Bradford.
Commissioners.—S. Kinney, Jr., Sweden.
Clerk.—J. M. Sackett, Smethport.
Counsel.—E. L. Keenan, Smethport.
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District Attorney.—E. L. Keenan, Smethport.
Jury Commissioners.—H. C. Wilcox, Smethport.
Mercantile Appraiser.—W. S. Barden, Sidney.
Auctioneer.—L. V. Brewer, Town, Osborne, G. N. Russell.
Mercantile Appraiser.—W. S. Barden, Sidney.
Coroner.—E. A. Dempsey, Smethport.
County School Superintendent.—M. O. Campbell.
Regular Terms of Court.—Fourth Monday in February, May and September, and Third Monday of December.

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Lieutenant Governor.—Chauncey F. Black.
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SOMETIME.

[John W. Dafoe.]

Sometime, sweetheart, our paths will cross again,
And will look once more into blue eyes,
And feel no more the sorrow and the pain,
While soft and sweet will sound thy sweet replies.

Sometime, dear heart, sometime, though ocean's foam
And mountains rise between us, we will meet;
Thy heart will find within my heart its home,
And all my bitter life will turn to sweet.

A BIT OF WAR HISTORY.

Jefferson Davis and William Crutchfield at Chattanooga.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., Jan. 24.—The following report of a speech made by Jefferson Davis at the Crutchfield House, Chattanooga, Tenn., January 25, 1861, was published in full in the Chattanooga *Gazette* in May, 1865, with editorial comments by the editor, James P. Hood, who says: "In the times of great national excitement, when revolutions are impending and the very air seems filled with coming political storms, men have occasionally been gifted with what has seemed to be a spirit of prophecy, and in after years their words have been recalled to the memory of those who heard them spoken, as predictions which only waited for events to prove that they were uttered with a foresight inspired by heaven."

On the evening of the 22d of January, 1861, Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, on his way from Washington, where he had delivered his last speech in the United States senate, and, in company with many other southern senators and congressmen, resigned his seat in the congress, stopped in Chattanooga on his way home. It had been rumored during the day that he was coming, and, in expectation of seeing him, a large crowd of people assembled at the Crutchfield House. At that time great excitement prevailed throughout the southern states. Secession was being talked of everywhere throughout the cotton states, as the only remedy left them by the election of Abraham Lincoln to the presidency of the United States.

Tennessee had refused to adopt any such remedy, and as the fire-eaters retired from the congress and passed through this city they stopped over and made speeches to the people, urging upon them to go with the south and take part in the movement, promising Tennessee that the state should never see a federal soldier or ever be called upon to pay a dollar of the debt contracted by war. It was under such circumstances that Davis arrived in this city, as above stated. After supper on the evening named he came out of the dining-room at the hotel, accompanied by his wife and several well-known leaders in the secession movement. Calls were made for him to speak, and a chair being placed in the centre of the room, where the newsroom now is, he stood up on it and spoke substantially as follows:

"GENTLEMEN—The south has a great wrong imposed upon it by the election of Abraham Lincoln, an Illinois rail-splitter, to the presidency of the United States. Our only recourse is to secede from the Union and establish a government for ourselves. Calling on the people of Tennessee to go with the south, he pledged them that he only wanted their strength and influence, and that the cotton states would pay the debt of the war, and that Tennessee would not have a dollar to pay. Telling us that Mr. Buchannan was powerless and could not protect us; that we must unite the south in a solid body, march on their cities and lay them in ashes, for in that consisted their wealth and strength, and the way to touch a Yankee's soul was to strike his purse.

"The south had the material—cotton was king. France and old England, he said, could not do without it, and would be forced to side with us to keep their factories in operation and their people from starving. That the spindles of New England would rust for want of cotton—that the south had the wealth, strength and the power—in reality the life of the government. Calling on the Tennesseans to go with the south in this struggle, he eulogized them for their courage, boasted of their deeds of daring on the fields of Mexico, saying that he knew full well the meaning of the click of their trusty rifles. In fine, associations, interest and institutions, Tennessee was directly interested and ought to go with the south.

"He felt satisfied, he said, that her people would not prove recreant to their trust. When the time came she would lock shields with her sister states and meet the vandal foe. As for himself, in the language of the great patriot, he would say, 'Give me liberty, or give me death.' The election of Abraham Lincoln and the party sustaining him was equivalent to a direct war upon the south. Her peculiar institutions were no longer safe, and there was now nothing left but to fight. As for himself, he preferred death before dishonor."

This speech created intense excitement. On this occasion he exerted all his powers of oratory to convince his hearers of the justice of the cause into which he had thrown himself and his fortunes, and in which he desired to persuade them to aid. For a few minutes no one attempted any reply to Davis, when, suddenly, Mr. William Crutchfield, of Chattanooga, who happened to be in the hotel, which at that time was owned by his brother, mounted the counter behind which the clerk of the house usually stays, and commenced his famous reply. Davis had started from the room to go up stairs, but on hearing Mr. Crutchfield's voice, he stopped and stood in the door-way, listening to his words. Mr. Crutchfield's address was delivered with his usual vehemence, added to the rage which burned in him at having listened to such infamous language, he said:

"GENTLEMEN—You have just heard the honorable gentleman, Senator Davis, of Mississippi, a gallant soldier, who, on the plains of Mexico and before Monterey, bared his bosom to the storm and perilled his life under the flag for you and I. For that I love and respect him; but now he is growing old and gray and, Cæsar-like, ambitious:

"Behold your future military despot. The gentleman tells us that we are powerless; that we must appeal to arms for our rights; that Mr. Buchanan cannot help us, must secede and appeal to the sword. I deny it. I denounce him as a renegade and a traitor. If he was contending for the rights of the South and the interests of Tennessee, he would be in the Senate chamber, and with our Tennessee Senators and Congressmen defending our rights. On joint ballot we had a majority of fourteen. No odds what the North desired, they were powerless." Mr. Crutchfield said that four years was a short time, that an appeal to the ballot-box was the place to settle the trouble, not secession. "Tennessee never stooped so low as to dictate to other States the course they should pursue. I deny the right to tell us what we should do; we are freemen, and as such claim the right to think, speak and act for ourselves.

"We are not to be hoodwinked, bamboozled and dragged into your Southern, codfish aristocratic, tory-blooded, Carolina mobocracy.

"Well you may boast of the Tennessean and the click of his rifle; for with our trusty rifles and our mountain boys we can whip out your southern confederacy and the balance of the world combined. We fight for the union, the constitution and the enforcement of the laws with our trusty rifles and our banner aloft, and the gentleman will live to see the day when the keen crack of the Tennessee rifle will not sound so pleasant to his ears."

During the delivery of this speech the crowd present listened with breathless attention, and at its conclusion the silence that ensued was unbroken except by the sound of the click of pistols; are these present prepared themselves for what every one expected to be a bloody fray. After a few moments Davis advanced to the centre of the room, and in an agitated voice denounced the charges against him by Crutchfield as false, and asked if any gentleman present indorsed what had been said. With one voice the crowd replied, 'We all do.' Another scene of confusion and excitement ensued, and for some minutes it was feared that blood would yet be shed, but Davis made his way out of the room and retired up stairs, and the assembly dispersed.

When Mr. Crutchfield uttered the words: Behold your future military despot, Davis was standing in the door-way, about six feet from him. Mr. Crutchfield's voice was lowered, and in slow, measured tones, shaking his finger at him, the prophetic language was used. Doubtless Davis has often since recalled the exciting scenes of that eventful night, and, in looking back to those days, it seems evident that nothing less than inspiration dictated the utterance of these words.

On the appearance of the above article in a morning paper, one of Chattanooga's most prominent citizens, an eye-witness to the events described, and an ardent unionist in the old days of strife, was called upon and shown the article. He said:

"I remember the occasion well. It was a scene which can be called historical. The article from 'Flood's Gazetteer' contains some erroneous statements, which I remember to have noted when it was published twenty years ago, but, in the main, it gives a correct version of the affair. The sharpest point made by Crutchfield was in the next turn he made on Davis, who had said: 'You Tennesseeans were born in secession and rocked in the cradle of revolution.' This was a reference to the attempt to organize and set up the state of Frankland against the authorities of North Carolina.

"This Crutchfield, with vivid force, turned to advantage by the quick retort:

"'Yes, Tennesseeans, we were born in secession in the state of Franklana and *rocked to death* in the cradle of revolution—as we deserved—and such will be the result in this case, as it ought to be.'

"The account also omits the conclusion of Crutchfield's speech, which even excited the anger of a senator of the United States, whose brain was filled with colossal schemes, and is erroneous in its statement of the colloquy between Crutchfield and Davis. The latter had at no time left the room, nor did he leave in the manner described by the article. I was standing within a few feet of Crutchfield when he concluded in a frenzy of excitement:

"'Talk of Tennesseans following the nullifying South Carolinians and repudiating Mississippians! It is an assault upon our citizenship and an insult to our manhood.'

"'Stop brother,' said a voice from the crowd, 'you will offend guests of the house.'

"'Go on! go on, Crutchfield!' shouted excited unionists.

"'No, I will stop. The proprietor of the hotel wishes me to stop, and it is his house.'

"The excitement was intense. The people were divided in sentiment and every man was armed. Speeches of inflammatory character had been made by Benjamin and others previously, and the public mind was considerably excited. You may imagine the effect when a voice, quivering with passion, rang out in the hotel lobby:

"'If there is any gentleman in the house who endorses the words of that secession puppy, I am his man,' and the tall form of Mr. Davis was seen standing on a chair in the midst of the crowd, his one good eye gleaming at Crutchfield.

"'Pin your man!' yelled Crutchfield.

"The effect was electrical. It was wonderful how, by instinct, in a flash that dense, packed throng had divided into two lines, one around Crutchfield and the other around Davis. There was a period of deadly silence. Not a word was spoken, but every manly hand was on his pocket. New arrivals, of which there was a constant stream, curious to see the distinguished guests at the hotel, stopped in amazement as they passed the threshhold. Every man in those times felt the presence of death. It seemed to me, as I stood with the rest, that there was full of ten minutes' silence. The crash of arriving visitors saved a deadly fray, which was, fortunately for us all, averted, but which, if it had occurred, might have changed the history of the southern confederacy."

MR. BEECHER'S WILD RIDE.

The Experience of the Plymouth Pastor on an Untamed Tricycle.

[Peekskill Letter.]

Mr. Beecher does not care to talk much about his first experience on his tricycle, but your correspondent was fortunate enough to be one of a party who listened to the story from his own lips, which were constantly smiling at the thought of the figure he cut at the time. It seems that the old gentleman was the victim of an extremely practical joke. His son, with other gentlemen friends, thought that a tricycle would be a welcome addition to the stable of the house, and they asked a friend in the vicinity who owned one to call at the house and infatuate the great divine with its easy movement and speed. The friend did as requested, and the conspirators dilated on the adaptability of the carriage to stout elderly gentlemen of Mr. Beecher's build. It did not take much persuasion, as Mr. Beecher viewed the machine with delight, and even after its departure he talked in raptures of the tricycle, and expressed his determination of buying one. Young Mr. Beecher kindly took upon himself the task of making the purchase.

Young Mr. Beecher rode the machine to the brow of the nearest hill, and the Rev. Henry Ward walked behind with the rest of the party. The hill is a fine one, and will be easily recalled by all who have ever been in the Peekskill by the large clump of trees at the right of the road, in which stands a monster oak. Arrived at the summit, the original Beecher mounted his balky steed, and told all to stand back. His son gave the cycle a vigorous push, and off she went, gathering increased momentum at every revolution. Mr. Beecher's hat came flying back to the starting-point. He himself was too busy to notice such a trifle, having more important business at that moment in an honest endeavor to stop in his downward course. His hair streaming out behind, with his horizontal coat-tails as stiff as a plank; his eyes protruding in such a manner that they could have been knocked off with a stick; and his hands grasping the sides of the carriage; and the plunging, whizzing tricycle made a picture which the natives who saw it will never forget. There is a sharp curve in that hill at the red gate which shuts off the road to the ice pond. Farmer Tompkins stood there and looked up the hill in wonder at the approaching meteor with its cloud of meteoric dust behind. His first impulse was to throw a log in the way. If he had carried out that design Plymouth church would have been called upon to mourn the untimely fate of its pastor. As the tricycle hastened to pass the farmer Mr. Tompkins saw what the trouble was. So did his dog, which immediately joined in the chase, adding music to the "merry-go-down." Like most hills this particular inclined plane has a bottom and it came none too quickly for the lightning divine. The sigh he heaved as the machine struck level ground was plainly heard in the village. The tricycle revolved less wildly and stopped short at the foot of another hill. Before it was fully stopped Mr. Beecher jumped off with surprising agility. When the sympathizing friends, all a-tremble, caught up with the tricycle they found Mr. Beecher almost drowned in a cold perspiration. He avowed that he would never try it again, but he has, and now he slides down that hill with great enjoyment, a horse dragging the machine home from the foot of the hill.

The Manufacture of Sweets.

[Chicago News.]

French candy exists in this country only in name and in imagination. The so-called French candy is made in America. Like a great many other luxuries, it is given a title which is misleading. At one time candies of French manufacture were sold in the United States. They were really imported, and people paid dearly for the pleasure of eating pure sweetmeats made in a foreign country. But the Americans have brought the art of candy-making up to a high standard. The trade name of the candy commonly called French is "mixed." If you ask a candy manufacturer whether he uses glucose or sugar in making mixed candy his air of pious horror will warn you that it is a leading question.

Candy can scarcely be pure when made of glucose, however harmless it may be. Hence, the purest and finest candies are made of the best sugar. There are three classes of candy. One is drogee, another clear goods, and the third hand-made. The drogee candy is machine-made. It is manufactured in revolving kettles, and under its head are sugar-plums and almonds. The clear goods are cough-drops, colt's-foot, lemon-drops, and fruit flavors of all kinds. The hand-made sweetmeats are fine cream, nougat, and almond paste. "The candy of which we sell the most," said a candy dealer on Madison street, "is the mixed goods. It is called French candy, but that is a misnomer. Next to mixed, caramels and marshmallows and lime-juice tablets are popular. Stick candy is no longer popular, though some is sold to small shops who dispose of it to children because it is cheap."

"How is the sale of conserved fruits?"

"That is an expensive candy and much bought by wealthy people. That is the only class of candy we import. The fruit is stewed and glazed. It is made in France, where the manufacture is perfect. We cannot conserve fruit in this country. Our raw material is too watery. We have never been able to conserve anything except pineapples. That is because the pineapples are the same here as in France.

Afraid of Scalping.

[Philadelphia Call.]

Jones—Come, let's get out.

Smith—What for? The concert is not half over. Wait a little. The orchestra is now going to play "Sounds from Home."

Jones—I know it. Come, hurry up.

Smith—But why don't you stay and hear "Sounds from Home!"

Jones—Because I'm sick of 'em. I don't see what an orchestra wants to imitate squalling babies banging dishes, yowling cats and howling dogs for, anyhow.

The Interior: The ideas that have inspired a generation shine on over its grave as "gave light to the next.

A new shaving surface, called "crystal ice," has been invented by Dr. Calantarients, of Scarborough, England. Considering that after all ice is merely a crystalline substance, and that there is no lack of substances that are crystalline at ordinary temperatures, Dr. Calantarients experimented with a variety of salts, and after a time succeeded in making a mixture consisting mainly of carbonate and sulphate of soda, which, when laid on a floor by his plan, can be skated on with regular ice skates, the resistance of the surface being just equal to that of ice.

THE ERA OF ELOCUTION.

The Teachers of the Art Reaping a Rich Harvest.

[New York Mail and Express.]

The opening of the Lyceum school of acting has given an impetus to the study of elocution even among those who do not intend to go on the stage. A professor of elocution up town said to a reporter that the majority of his pupils were not stage-struck, but took lessons to improve them in speaking and reading.

"What class of people take lessons?"

"Why, I have a large class of young society ladies, who come in the middle of the day to avoid being observed. They enter into the study with zeal. 'Teach me how to speak well,' said one; 'I do not care to express passion, hatred, scorn or anything of that kind, but I wish to converse fluently, to narrate an incident with proper chic, to have the correct inflection at the close of each sentence, and above all, to be possessed of sufficient verve to keep from growing insipid.' Can I give a lady verve or chic? I don't say no to them; I simply teach them natural methods, and in a few weeks the most awkward have attained a polish of manner and a fluency of speech that are really surprising.

"Ladies with weak voices, after three or four lessons, summon their energies, practice calisthenics and soon have rich, clear voices, quite a metamorphosis from what they were before they took such healthful exercise. Five or six years ago it was a rare thing for me to have one of the Lyceum class as a pupil. Now I have a large number. Private tableaux and theatricals cause a few to come to get posted on certain parts, but that is seldom. The majority come for general cultivation."

"What other classes attend?"

"In the afternoon a few dudes and miscellaneous gentlemen come and devote an hour to practice. They have no special aim, and are filling in the time. In the evening the people who mean business attend. They are principally lady school teachers, and their object is to learn and teach others. Some of them are quite advanced in years, but they display all the interest and vim necessary to master difficult lessons. Like the society ladies, I have no trouble in teaching them, and they make rapid progress as a general thing. I think, though, that some of the younger teachers, have a notion to try the stage at some future time, but they conceal it from me."

"You seem to have more lady pupils than gentlemen?"

"Oh, yes. Gentlemen who do not think of going on the stage do not care to study elocution. A few bachelors and widowers try to learn how to recite short love poems and that class of literature, and patronize attend. My great trouble is with the boy who comes because he expects to be an orator some day. His father rather thinks so, and sends him."

Clinging for Suckers.

[Dingman's Ferry Cor. New York Sun.]

Chugging for suckers is an ancient recreation. When the courageous ancestors of the sucker-chugger of to-day settled down on the rock-ribbed hills of Pike county there was no pickerel nor bass nor perch in the ponds. There were plenty of suckers and bullheads. The former were worthless in the summer, and the latter buried themselves in the mud in the winter. Suckers wouldn't bite through the ice during the season when they were good to eat. One day some one of these first firstlings of the forest cut a hole in the ice on a pond to draw water up in a bucket with a rope to it. While he was looking down into the hole some one else was chopping a stick of wood on the ice a short distance away. Immediately following every "chug" of the ax suckers hurried by the hole in shoals.

An idea struck the settler. He tied some hooks on the end of a stick and stuck them down in the hole. When the ax came down and jarred the ice along came the suckers, and he jerked out two big ones the first time he tried. That put an end to the peace and quiet that had always reigned in the sucker family during the winter. Every pond in the whole region was filled with chugging parties in less than no time, and the cabins of the settlers became savory with the smell of fried suckers. Their descendants may have degenerated in many things, but when it comes to up and-up scientific chugging for suckers they are there every time.

An Infant of the Modern Athens.

[Drake's Traveler's Magazine.]

"I saw a beautiful little baby on the street to-day," observed Miss Gasher.

"Did you speak to it?"

"Indeed, I did. I tickled it under the chin and said, 'Oh! oo pitty little tootsie woot-sie.'"

"What did the baby do?"

"Do! It straightened up and yelled like mad. I never saw such a badly-behaved young one. What was the matter with it do you suppose?"

"I don't know, but I suspect it didn't understand you. It probably was a Boston baby."

A Funeral Feast.

[San Francisco Chronicle.]

The ancient Scandinavian custom of funeral feasts has not yet become entirely obsolete. A Swedish newspaper gives an account of a sumptuous one, lasting four days and nights. The relatives and friends of the deceased were invited the first and second days; the citizens in general came on the third day and partook of all the good dishes and liquors, while on the fourth day the leavings were relished by all the paupers of the town.

A well preserved 1804 cent recently sold in New York for $200.

Hunting a New Grape.

It is said that the originator of the Concord grape has raised over 20,000 seedlings in the past thirty-five years without finding his ideal grape, and only twenty-one had desirable qualities.

Railroad Tobogganing.

[Chicago Herald "Train Talk."]

"Did you ever see a railway train running in one direction while the wheels were going the other?" inquired a conductor on the Illinois Central.

"Never."

"Well, down on our Springfield division, between Gilman and Clinton, we had that experience a few days ago. That fall of soft, sticky snow stuck right on top of the rails, warmed a little in the noon sun and in the afternoon became hard in the cold. We didn't get a train through until near night that day. The rails were two streaks of glistening ice. Up near Pulaski we struck a big grade right at a station where we were trying to stop. The engineer put on the brakes and finally reversed the lever and pulled the throttle wide open. But it was no go. We went down that grade faster than ever I traveled before, with the driving wheels of our locomotive going backward. It was a three-mile slide. Those who saw us go down say it was the oddest sight they ever saw. I don't want any more railroad tobogganing in mine."

Bottom of the Ocean.

[Scientific Journal.]

Some of the researches lately made by English explorers in regard to deep-sea beds have led to the belief that there are no rough ridges, abrupt chasms nor bare rocks, and that the sea bottom at great depths is not affected by currents or streams—even by those of the magnitude of the Gulf stream—its general appearance rather resembling that of the American prairies, and it is everywhere covered by a kind of mud.

THE LUCK OF LITERATURE.

An Interesting Reminiscence of One of American's Humorists.

[Cor. New York Graphic.]

Speaking of O'Brien puts me in mind of Artemus Ward. We were all intimate friends, but there has been so much invention and nonsense written about the latter that I almost tremble to say a word lest I may be put down among the fabulists. Especially an Englishman by the name of Hingston, trusting to his imagination for the facts, and having been the traveling agent of Artemus for a while, got out a book, in which the main parts of the great humorist's life were omitted, while other parts were purely imaginary to fill in. The real story of Artemus' debut into prominence is this: There was in 1860 a comic paper printed in this city by two brothers, Stephens, called Vanity Fair, which blazed up brilliantly for a while under literary and artistic genius, but finally flickered and was likely to expire. The editorship was offered to me, but I saw plainly I could do nothing with it. I said:

"There are only two men in this country that can do you any good. One is John G. Saxe, and the other Artemus Ward." At that time I believed this to be his real name. "Saxe you can't have, for he is about to run for governor of Vermont, so you'd better get hold of Mr. Ward as quickly as you can."

My advice was heeded, and I was asked if I would write to Artemus and learn his views. I did so to Cleveland, Ohio, and made him the distinct offer of coming to New York on a salary of $30 per week, and an increase on the success of the paper. He was prompt, arriving in New York almost as soon as his letter of acceptance. He afterward told me that he was getting but $10 per week on The Plain Dealer, and assumed the editorial chair of Vanity Fair; but salt could not save the paper, notwithstanding its genuine merit. The American public does not want refined wit, though since that time they have been partially educated up to it; they want broad humor and personal allusion. Punch never did sell in this country, and if we want anything outside of a daily paper it must be cheap and a great deal of it. Witness our so-called literary papers, eight large pages, running six continued stories, for 6 cents.

When Vanity Fair was sure to go down Artemus was very despondent. What should he do? One day walking up Broadway I said to him, "Charley, why don't you lecture?" Why, the idea was absurd. He could write, but he could not talk; he was not able to say ten lines on an emergency. I soon talked him out of that by telling him that he could read his lecture or commit it to memory. That point settled, now what should be his subject? At that time the canard of the Twenty-seventh street ghost was in full blast, and I suggested ghosts as a subject, knowing that whatever he wrote he would make it funny, and before we parted it was agreed that he should write what he could on this subject, and on the next evening came down to Pfaff's, the noted Bohemian resort on Broadway above Bleecker street, and read it to the party that assembled there every night.

This programme was carried out, and Artemus duly appeared with what he called "A Lecture About Ghosts," and read it amid uproarious approval, the main fun of which was that there was not a word in it about ghosts, and it was settled on all sides that it must be brought before the public. But how? There was an actor and occasional manager at the time playing general utility at Wallack's theatre, the elder of the name, on Broadway, near Broome street, whose name was De Walden. I went to De Walden, whom I knew, and talked Artemus to him. He saw it and an introduction followed. De Walden worked assiduously, and the entire press helped him. Everybody was the friend of Artemus, for a more genial, jovial, liberal man than he did not live. Alas! for himself, De Walden took Niblo's saloon, now the dining-room of the Metropolitan, for one night, with the privilege of six. They ran the six nights, crammed to the door, and I doubt if ever audience laughed before or since as they laughed that week. The final result to Artemus was $1,280, and Artemus was jubilant. From that hour his course was one of uninterrupted success, and lecture after lecture followed, each one greater than the preceding, and fortune flowed into the pockets of Artemus.

Training the Eye for Great Sights.

[Cleveland Leader.]

At 5 o'clock in the morning of the second day from Council Bluffs we were called to see Weber and Echo canons. I must say that I was a good deal disappointed in these. My imagination had pictured something different and my eye was not trained to appreciate anything of the kind. I may say right here that so far as my own experience goes, nearly all the wonders of mountain scenery fell short of expectation and of what I knew them to be. This is philosophically explained by the fact that the eye judges of distance purely by the experience it has had. Never having before stood at the foot of a solid mass of rock from a half mile to a mile in perpendicular height the eye could not comprehend it. Being accustomed to hills, these mountains seemed also like hills.

It is like a person born blind, who suddenly comes to a full use of his sight when grown to manhood. His judgment is fully developed in every direction except that of seeing. He can not tell how far it is across the street. He sees the buildings on the opposite side, but can not tell from their size or appearance whether they are two paces or a half a mile away. Thus the hasty glance which was afforded of the granite walls of Echo and Weber canons gave me very little idea of their height. It was only when weeks later I had an opportunity to observe at my leisure the great heights of the Sierra Nevada mountains and Yosemite valley, that I demonstrated the fact that the eye needs education to understand such sights. This explains the remark so often made about Niagara and other natural wonders "growing" upon one.

A New War Missile.

[Scientific Journal.]

A Professor Ritchie, of Bridgeport, Conn., now comes to the front with a humane device known as a poisonous air bomb, which he claims will revolutionize all modern warfare. The gases before being introduced into the bomb are several times compressed and impregnated with poisons which make them quickly fatal to any living creature breathing them. When exploded the gas lies close to the ground. The bomb explodes and the air within a radius of 100 feet becomes charged with silent death. You cannot fight it, you cannot destroy this silent, life destroying enemy. What is the result? Why, the man stay and asphyxiate, but you will find that they won't. They will run away in a beaten and demoralized condition, and this is one of the best points about the device.

Drawing on the Imagination.

[The Rambler.]

Poor German tutor—Know you what I do when I hunger have? Then draw I at home on my slate with chalk a white sausage. When I right severe hunger have, draw I two. Then drink I one from my mug of beer, eat a piece bread and rub from the sausage on the slate a piece away. Then drink I again, eat again a piece bread and rub again from the slate a piece sausage away—till the last morsel away is. So picture I myself in, I have the sausage really eaten. Behold you, it is all only imagination on the world.

RUBBER BOOTS AND SHOES.

The Crude Rubber—Adulteration—The Drying Process—Printing.

[Shoe and Leather Review.]

There are twenty or thirty varieties of crude rubber, varying greatly in quality, and of all these the best is known as Para, a South American product, obtained in Brazil, about 1,800 miles above the mouth of the Amazon. It is called Para from the city of that name from which it is shipped to foreign parts. The gum is gathered by tapping the rubber trees, as we tap maple trees for sap for maple sugar. The sap is gathered into a large pot into which the native dips a flat wooden paddle, to which gum adheres. He withdraws the paddle and holds it in a smoke made by burning palm nuts, which dries and cures the film of rubber on the paddle. He then dips again and smokes again, repeating the process until he has on the paddle a bunch of gum weighing several pounds. Then he splits the ball or roll to get the paddle out, and it is ready for market. These natives are not models of honesty, however, as these chunks of gum frequently contain palm nuts, rubber nuts, pieces of iron, or are freely mixed with sand to add weight, which often escapes the manufacturer's quest to the public, or a large share of the public, have an idea that crude rubber gum comes from something like tamarac, and that it is melted and cast into whatever form is desired, but this not true. A rubber shoe factory is not a foundry; it comes nearer being a printing office.

These chunks of rubber are sliced into steaks, you might say, by sharp knives revolving rapidly and kept constantly wetted. When one of these knives strikes an iron spike,

The McKean County Miner

ENTERED EVERY FRIDAY.

[illegible]

[illegible] March 6 1885

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Pa., March 6 1885

NOTICE TO THE SUBSCRIBERS.

[illegible] time to [illegible] the Miner [illegible] changed [illegible] will [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

THE BEST TONIC.

This medicine, combining iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Lack of Energy, Nervousness, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Kidney Complaints.

It is unrivaled as a remedy for Diseases of the Blood, Liver and Kidneys. It enriches the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, regulates the bowels, and strengthens the muscles and nerves. For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, Want of Appetite, Difficult Breathing, Shortness of Breath, Tremblings, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Chills and Fevers, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Pain in the Side, Back or Limbs, it has no equal.

The Genuine has above trade mark and cross red lines on wrapper. Take no other. Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

CONSTIPATION!

There is an enemy to health which lurks in the system of many individuals, and there is no other ill which is half so more apt to be neglected, from the fact that its insidious approaches may not be immediately felt from its irregular action of the bowels. When there is not regular action the retention of decayed and effete matter, with its poisonous effects mixing with the various fluids, and permeating the whole system, soon produces the well known symptoms of Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Jaundice, Sick Headache, Loss of Appetite, Drowsiness, Nervousness, Piles, Dizziness, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Back, Kidneys, Bowels, Flatulency, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Sinking Spells, Bad Breath, Low Spirits, Blues, Nightmare, Cold Feet, Wakefulness, Dry Skin, Eruptions, Pimples, Blotches, Boils, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Scrofula, Consumption, Kidney Complaints, Headache, Backache, Fever, Chills, Nervous Prostration, Hypochondria, Melancholy, Blood Impurities, Female Irregularities, Rheumatism, Erysipelas, Neuralgia, Pain in the Head, Limbs, Joints or Organs, Malaria, Fevers, Ague, Chills, Contagious Blood Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Impure Blood and many other serious affections. BROOK BLOOD BITTERS will immediately relieve, and one bottle positively cures or relieves any case of Constipation.

"We furnished the 4 year with Agent Brown and indigestion, and after trying everything imaginable used BROOK BLOOD BITTERS. The first bottle relieved me and the second cured me entirely."—J. S. WILLIAMS, Baltimore, M. C.

Health is Wealth!

Dr. E. C. West's Nerve and Brain Treatment, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain resulting in insanity, decay, misery and death, premature old age, barrenness, loss of power in either sex, Impotency, Lassitude, all drains and loss of power of the Generative Organs. Whether arising from over-exertion of the brain, self-abuse or over-indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. $1.00 a box, or six boxes for $5.00, sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price.

WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES to cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with $5.00, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by

THOMPSON & WOOD, Druggists, SOLE AGENTS, Bradford, Pa.

CATARRH

CREAM BALM

Cleanses the Head, Allays Inflammation, Heals the Sores. Restores the Senses of Taste And Smell. A quick HAY-FEVER a Positive Cure.

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cents. ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

There is no excuse for suffering from CONSTIPATION and other diseases that follow a disordered state of the Stomach and Bowels, when the use of

DR. HENRY BAXTER'S MATRAKE BITTERS

will give immediate relief.

After constipation follows Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Diseases of the Kidneys, Torpid Liver, Rheumatism, Dizziness, Sick Headache, Loss of Appetite, Jaundice, Apoplexy, Palpitations, Eruptions and Skin Diseases, &c., all of which these Bitters will speedily cure by removing the cause. If the Stomach, Bowels and Digestive Organs are in good working order, and purified therefrom all the above ills will be found. Laughing and others subject to Sick Headaches will find relief immediately upon the use of these Bitters being prompt and certain in their effects.

PURIFY THE BLOOD.

Price $1 00. per bottle.

For sale by all dealers in medicines. Send stamp for pamphlet, giving full directions. DR. HENRY BAXTER & CO., Druggists, Burlington, Vt.

For sale by A. E. Armstrong, Smethport, Pa.

Nine working pamphlets, bound in cloth and gilt, containing much useful information, with samples book of 12 needles, sent on receipt of 10 cents. Address, DARBY & CO., 129 Fulton St., New York. Box 4,586.

An Old Soldier's EXPERIENCE.

"Calvert, Texas, May 9, 1884.

"I with to express my appreciation of the valuable qualities of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

as a cough remedy.

"I was with Churchill's army, just before the battle of Vicksburg, I contracted a severe cold, which culminated in a dangerous cough. I found no relief till on our march we came to a country store, where, on asking for some remedy, I was urged to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

"I did so, and it so rapidly cured those about me I soon kept the Pectoral constantly by me, for family use, and I have found it to be an invaluable remedy for throat and lung diseases.

J. W. WHITSETT."

Thousands of testimonials certify to the genuine cures of all sorts of throat and lung affections, by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Being very palatable, the young are children take it readily.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

Settling Into Business.

[New York Cor. Boise Statesman.]

There is another candidate of New York sociability to be displayed. What I mean is that one can never tell whether a man is what one can mentally call a sportsman's the cordiality of a man is apportioned to good-fellowship, or merely a means of making his contribute to his business or professional prosperity. The personal popularity of a man in this big city matters in a measure his success. To get along in many callings here acquaintances of the right sort are requisite. In many rural villages and smaller cities a physician, dentist, or lawyer may hang out a sign and have some employment come to him, but in New York a man's cause to help him before a patient or client will enter.

The most successful physicians and dentists are those who give no indication on their doorposts of what profession is practiced within. The door-plate says simply "John Smith," and the passing stranger gets no hint of his vocation. He has secured his practice through making acquaintances in his church, club, regiment, or whatever social circle he can crowd himself into. The stock broker's hardest work is done in the evening, when he is coursing through the hotels and club-rooms in the search of new victims to the fascination of speculation. After he gets in business well started it gathers itself to itself like a rolling snowball. One customer brings another, as one client or one patient brings others. Ability to make a good impression in the social world and to be liked and sought is quite as much an aid to prosperity in New York as knowledge of the business pursued.

The Passion for Pet Dogs.

[New Orleans.]

"I tell you," continued the veterinary surgeon, "this craze for pet dogs in upper-ten circles is a growing one. They've got pugs, black-and-tans, shy-blue terriers, poodles of all kinds, King Charles spaniels, Scotch terriers, and, last, pups. This passion for pets is confined for veterinary doctors, as the over-petting of them is sure to make them sick. Some of these pets are crazy-looking specimens. As bloodied stock they wouldn't bring a nickle. Some of them are crosses between a 'yallar dog' and cur stuff that a dog-fancier wouldn't give room. The ladies idolize them, however, and it isn't for us to dispute their taste, especially when every sick dog is a matter of $20 or $25 to us.

"Are not these pets stolen sometimes?"

"Seldom! Why there are people who make a business of stealing dogs for the sake of the reward thanks has to be offered. That is a clue that has a pedigree, and is sought after for hunting purposes—they send him to some other city and dispose of him there, but when household pets are stolen an advertisement is inserted in the papers offering a reward of from $5 to $25, and the very people who stole the animal produce it to the owner, bring only too glad to get the pet back without asking any questions."

A Mean Rebuke.

[Chicago Times.]

A young Bible student was asked: How many boys are there in your class? His reply was as follows: "Multiply the number of Jacob's sons by the number of times the Israelites compassed Jericho, add to the product the number of measures of barley which Boaz gave Ruth; divide this by the number of the man's sons, subtract the number of days Noah was in the ark before the waters of the flood were upon the earth, subtract the number of Lot's family when they dwelt in a cave; subtract the number of times Jonah was in the whale's belly before he was taken to Heaven; add Joseph's age at the time he stood before Pharoah; divide by the number of stones in David's bag when he killed Goliath; add the number of furlongs that Bethany was distant from Jerusalem; divide by the number of anchors Paul cast out when Paul was ship-wrecked; cast out what Paul had wife; multiply by the number of wives saved multiply by the number of souls saved in the ark, and the product will be the answer."

Tobacco Mixes in Snuff.

[Arkansas Traveler.]

"I see," said an Englishman, "that Richard Grant White declares that no matter how long a Cornwall or Yorkshire man lives in this country he cannot get rid of the peculiarities of speech which he took up in his infancy. This is a mistake. I have only been here two years and can deceive any one as to the place of my native home."

"Probably Mr. White did not think of you," some one replied.

"Yes, but what right has he to make such assertions? I insist that there are a great many of us who continue to drop our h-aitches after coming to this country, but you only find it among men who never stop to think. If White should talk to me, I'd simply say Mr. White got hout.

You don't know good English from an 'ole in the ground.

A Tree in Sneak Boots.

[Chicago Times.]

In the Cassel, Germany, natural history museum are specimens of the wood of 500 different European trees, made up in the form of a library. Each specimen is in the shape of a volume. The back is formed of the bark, the sides of wood, with narrow rings, the bottom of old wood, with rings wider apart. When the volume is opened it is found to be a little box, containing the flower, seed, fruit, and leaves of the tree, either dried or mounted in wax.

Bill Nye's Inoculation.

[Exchange.]

"Bill" Nye invites the prince of Wales' sons, who has just come of age, to be his guest when he visits this country. "I tender you," he writes, "the freedom of my double barreled shot-gun during the prairie-chicken holocaust. I know where the ample worm grows rankest and the wild hen hatches her young."

Soothing Syrup.

Boston people are sure the cholera will visit America this year, and have begun making preparations by placing ample means at the command of the health department to insure a safe sanitary condition in the city.

Genoa Fated: It is no longer the fear of hanging that deters men from murder; it is the cost of the defense.

[New York Mail and Express.]

"Step in," said a Bowery showman to a reporter, "and see the man who looks like a monkey. Without reference to the Darwinian theory, we see every day men who resemble some kind of an animal. You see a foxy-looking man on Wall street, a bovine-looking face on New street, or a bearish face somewhere else. Again, you see a fat chubby face, with beadle-like whiskers, which reminds you of a hog. Go up fifth avenue and look at the coach boxes. I don't say that all of those coachmen look like monkeys, but, with the appliances of art known only to the museum managers, a few touches here and there, with the application of animal's hair on the face, I could make a great and only living curiosity out of some of those fellows. I don't say curiosities are made that way, but it can be done."

Curious Monuments on the Desert.

[Pleasant Chronicle.]

This is the saddest season of the year. It is too early to kill the strawberry crop, too late to raise peaches, and what is no how that it will not pay to hit it with the rust, send worst into the cob, it in the crib, or shrink in the cob; the result is the melancholy yeoman has nothing to amuse himself but sit on the fence and groan over the hog cholera.

Remains of China.

The "City of Churches" is Brooklyn, N. Y.; the "City of Magic" is London; the "City of Monuments" is Baltimore, Md.; the "City of Refuge" is Medina, Arabia, where Mohammed took refuge when driven by conspirators from Mecca; the "City of the Sun" is Baalbec; the "City of the Tribes" is Galway, Ireland, the residence in 1235 of thirteen tribes who settled there.

Good for the Child.

The ailments of childhood need careful attention and wise treatment. Some people think "anything is good enough for a child, and there isn't much the matter with it anyhow." But physicians mothers know better, and do as Mrs. H. W. Perry, of Richmond, Va., does says: "I take Brown's Iron Bitters and give to my children with the most satisfactory results.

The skeleton of a bird with two wings and twelve legs has been unearthed. It is evidently a prehistoric boarding-house turkey.

Stock Growers

All agree that for general use in their business no Powder is better calculated to give satisfactory results than those prepared by E. M. Parmentor, because they really contain the valuable remedies claimed, and do not fail to act quickly and effectively in Coughs, Colds, Spinous Fever, Poor Digestion, &c., in Horses. For Cattle, Hogs, Sheep, Poultry, they are invaluable. Full pounds only 25 cents. Sold by A. E. Armstrong, druggist. 1-4.

Business must be improving. The price of admission to "Uncle Tom's Cabin" performances in the West has got up to ten cents.

Incipient Consumption.

Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, &c., are all the results of neglect or exposure, and must have prompt and active remedies to remove them. Croup and Whooping Cough cause great suffering, because we seldom have them at hand. Why should we? Hamilton's Cough Balsam will relieve all of these and prevent diseases, such as Pneumonia, Inflammation of Lungs, and Consumption. All long difficulties are removed by this remedy. Price 25 and 50 cents per bottle. Sold by A. E. Armstrong, druggist, Main street. 1-4.

A New York coachman in a family of six unmarriageable daughters has driven their parents to despair by eloping with the governess.

Do You Value

Your horses and cattle? Attention to their health is as necessary as their regular food. If your horse is suffering from Epizootic, Ringbone, Sprains, Sprained Leg, Fever in Feet, Stiffness, Bruised or Cuts, or your Cow has Caked Bag, Sore Cuts, or Foul Blood, you will save money by buying Parmelee's Universal Liniment and using it freely for any or all of these troubles, and so bring your stock into a healthful and valuable condition. It is the best Liniment also for general family use. Price 25 and 50 cents per bottle. Sold by A. E. Armstrong, druggist, Main street. 1-4.

Moors Rooms and Topics.

—At your own bath.
If you remain sick when you can
Get hop bitters without money.—Paid

—The weakest woman, smallest child, and sickest invalid can use hop bitters with safety and great good.

—400 more loitering around with rheumatism, kidney troubles or weakness will be made almost new by using hop bitters.

—My wife and daughter were made healthy by the use of hop bitters and I recommend them to my people.—Methodist Clergyman.

—A man is any good; further if hop Bitters are not the best family Medicines on earth.

Malaria fever, Ague and Biliousness, will leave every neighborhood as soon as hop bitters arrive.

—My mother drove the paralysis and neuralgia all out of her system with hop bitters.—Ed. Oswego Sun.

—"Keep the kidneys healthy with hop bitters and you need have no fear sickness."

—Dyspepsia wakes a ravenous harmless and more refreshing and reviving with hop bitters in each draught.

—The vigor of youth for the aged and infirm in hop bitters!!!

—At the chimney of life no smoking equals
Hop Bitters to allay all troubles incident
Thereto.

—The best periodical for ladies to take monthly, and from which they will receive the greatest benefit is hop bitters."

—Mothers with sickly, fretful, nursing children, will cure the children and benefit themselves by taking hop bitters daily.

—Thousands die annually from some form of kidney disease that might have been prevented by a timely use of hop bitters.

—Indigestion, weak stomach, irregularities of the bowels, cannot exist where hop Bitters are used.

A family
Without
Bitters will keep a whole family
In robust health a year at a little cost.

To produce real genuine sleep and child-like repose all night, take a little hop bitters on retiring.

☞ None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

No Grease of Him.

"When Greece her knees—Greece her knees," stammered an embarrassed school boy, forgetting the next line of his recitation. "There is no occasion to grease anybody's knees," shouted his teacher. "Go and study your piece. Neither is there occasion to grease your hair. Parker's Hair Balsam is all the dressing you want. Restores the original gloss and color to gray or faded hair. Does not soil the linen; not a dye; good for the scalp; prevents falling out.

A young lady who was blamed for allowing her glove to be discovered in a young man's pocket stated that she had no hand in it.

An Invaluable Article. An article like Ely's Cream Balm has long been desired, and now that it is within the reach of sufferers from Catarrh, Hay Fever and Cold in the head, there is every reason to believe they will make the most of it. Dr. W. S. Beckman, of Lancaster, Pa., has given druggists and other Eastmen have given druggists and other Eastmen have given druggists and all recommend it as the best they have ever handled. Price 50 cents. Full particulars sent free. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail by Ely Brothers, Owego, N. Y.

A young man's fortune is the best thing to marry on, but a rich wife is preferable.

Blood! Blood! Blood!

In a necessity to all animal life, and to be free from disease the blood must be pure. There is no doubt that Parmelee's Blood Purifier excels in the driving out of all impurities and building up the system by making new blood, thus preventing the disorders so common, of Sores, Ulcers, Boils, Humors, Pimples, Erysipelas, &c., &c. Do not wait but prevent by a free use of the Purifier. Large bottles $1.00. Sold by A. E. Armstrong, druggist, Main street. 1-4.

There is one mitigation to our grief. The girls can't wear a jersey and a Mother Hubbard at the same time.

STORIES ON THE ROAD.

Commercial Travelers at a Wayside Inn—Something to Put in a Gripsack.

"Gentlemen, I almost envy you the emotions you did, your experiences," said a well-dressed boy of fourteen, the changing sights you see, and all that, you know."

This manly appeared regret fell from the lips of an elderly pleasure tourist, and Augustus was addressed in a semi-circle of commercials travelers seated on the porch of the Randall House, St. Louis, Mo.

"Yes," responded a New York representative of the art of fiction, "I might add without the pleasure, but the ruse the risks, sometimes stands the chances of ruptured collisions and stoving boat or explosions."

"What risks for instance?"

"This, for instance," said Mr. W. B. Prindle who was then traveling for an eastern house, and is known to merchants in all parts of the country: "the risk—which, indeed, amounts almost to a certainty—getting the dyspepsia from perpetual change of diet and water and from having the Randall House to call and sleep at. I myself was an example. I may state, for I am all right now."

"The chronic 'no room for digestion' broke in a Chicago dry goods traveler, lighting his cigar deftly.

"Had a quarter per cent. But I had to give up traveling for a while. The dyspepsia refined my purse. Finally I came across an ad. which showed me REAL DYSPEPSIA CURE. Added it and it did me up in particulars. There's no arguing on earth, in my opinion, equal to it as a cure for dyspepsia."

Messrs. Merrick & Co., of New York, the proprietors, send a letter free to any address, describing their Dyspepsia Cure, and a pamphlet containing a record of many remarkable cures. Write to them for it. Price a bottle on your cars. Prices, $1.00 and $1. Sold generally in larger sizes.

F. E. Olin, Farmers Valley, keeps constantly on hand a choice line of groceries, which he sells at low prices, guaranteeing quality.

Local Miscellany

In Mexico a tax of 30 per cent. has been placed upon playing cards. Mexico is a poor place for "grand outdoor."

"I have been dreadfully troubled with dyspepsia, and the kidneys and liver during the past six months. Hunt's Kidney and Liver Remedy has made me a new man."—W. Fairbrother, Providence, R. I.

Catarrh or cold in the head cured by inhaling Joseph's Oil. Only 25 cents.

The Vassar College girls eat 5,000 griddle cakes every morning, and yet people wonder why young men on small incomes fear to marry.

The Rev. Wm. Grant, Wharton, Ont., states: After being successfully treated by seventeen different doctors for Scrofula and blood disease, I was cured by Burdock Blood Bitters. Write him for proof.

The report that Talmage has subjects for sermons enough to last him a hundred years has already reached San Francisco. Bad news travels fast.

For Burns, Scalds, Bruises and all pain and soreness of the flesh, the grand household remedy is Dr. Thomas's Eclectric Oil. Be sure you get the genuine.

It is said that one New Orleans policeman killed another Saturday. He probably mistook the luckless man by accidentally falling asleep on him.

"Man should be what they seem," and if they are suffering tortures with toothache, they should not try to smile and look cool and handsome. How much wiser to ease the pain with a bottle of Salvation Oil, which can be bought for 25 cents.

Tramps footsteps are now fashionable in eastern cities, but at Chicago and St. Louis there is still a marked preference for the old time Jumbo style.

Why will you suffer with sick-headache when a bottle of Sheeld's Little Mandrake Pills will cure you.

The newest craze is to collect all kinds and shapes of parlor lamps. If care is taken to use the lamps instead of gas that kind of a craze will pay.

An angel of Mercy is what mothers call Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup when children have the croup.

Two cent letter postage is so popular that it is no longer considered an *reple* to use a postal card to tell a man that you can't pay his bill just yet.

Thirty C's.—There are three c's, that seize the children and carry them off, and seize the sorrowing mother, weeping eyes of tears, eyes her little ones borne away to the cemetery. The three c's are colds, coughs and croup. Mothers! Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup saves the little one's lives!

It is calculated that for every tiger slain in India three are born. In this part of the country it is the same way with roaches, water bugs and other bugs.

Is your hair turning gray and gradually falling out? Hall's Hair Renewer will restore it to its original color, and stimulate the follicles to produce a new and luxuriant growth. It also cleanses the scalp, eradicates dandruff, and is a most agreeable and harmless dressing.

Honesty is the thief of time.

THE Rev. Geo. H. Thayer, of Bourbonnais, says: "Both myself and wife owe our lives to Shiloh's consumption cure."

ARE you made miserable by indigestion, constipation, dizziness, loss of appetite, yellow skin? Shiloh's vitalizer is a positive cure.

WHY will you cough when Shiloh's cure will give immediate relief. Price 10 cents, 50 cents and $1.

SHILOH'S catarrh remedy—a positive cure for catarrh, diphtheria and canker mouth.

"HACKMETACK" a lasting and delicate perfume. Price 20 and 50 cents.

SHILOH'S cure will immediately relieve croup, whooping cough and bronchitis.

FOR dyspepsia and liver complaint, you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's vitalizer. It never fails to cure.

A NASAL Injector free with each bottle of Shiloh's catarrh remedy. Price 50 cents.

Sold by H. C. Wells, Smethport, Pa.

Ben Perley Poore claims to have written 1,000 speeches which were delivered by other people

Remarkable Cures, from Dennis' Blood, Liver and Kidney Cure.

Viz: Rev. C. Strong, 231 Main street, Rochester, N. Y., says he thinks from having tried one bottle, "that it is the best before the public."

L. Brownell, Express Agent on the R. N. Y. & P. R. R., Yorkshire Centre, N. Y., "I think it a good blood remedy."

He has used four bottles for salt rheum and is nearly cured.

Mrs. L. A. Fralinger, of Olean, is using it for skin eruption and she has secured it for others to sell it for me in Philadelphia, Pa., from her recommend. As a result from its great success in Coleville, this county. I have sold some 50 bottles in last vicinity since the first day of January 1885.

J. T. Wheeler, Farmers Valley, Pa., was laid up with a serious kidney trouble, and had been unable to work for some three months. He used five bottles and is now driving his team earning the money to pay the debt.

Yellow skinners and sufferers from diseases of the blood, liver and kidneys, be convinced of the value of such a remedy.

Inquire of your druggist or order from the proprietor. Price $1. per bottle, or 6 bottles for $5.

G. T. Dennis, Eldred, Pa.

It is said that it costs more to print a newspaper in Arkansas than in any other state in the Union, and this notwithstanding the present low price of newsprint.

Ask for "Bough on Coughs," for Coughs, Colds, Sore throat, Hoarseness. Troches 15 c. Liquid 25c.

"Bough on Pain," clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bed-bugs, skunks, chipmunks, gophers. 15c. Druggists.

Palpitation, dropsical swellings, dizziness, indigestion, headache, sleeplessness cured by "Well's Health Renewer."

Ask for Well's "Bough on Corns," 15c. Quick, complete cure. Hard or soft corns, warts, bunions.

"Bough on Pain" Parmated Plaster; strengthening, improved, the best for backache, pains in chest or side, rheumatism, neuralgia.

Thin People. "Well's Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures dyspepsia, headache, nervousness, debility. $1.

Whooping Cough and the many throat affections of children, promptly, pleasantly and safely relieved by "Bough on Coughs." Troches 15c. Balsam 25c.

Mothers, if you are failing, broken, worn out and nervous, use "Well's Health Renewer." $1. Druggists.

Life Preserver. If you are losing your grip on life, try "Well's Health Renewer." Goes direct to weak spots.

"Bough on Toothache." Instant relief for neuralgia, toothache, faceache. Ask for "Bough on Toothache." 15 and 25c

Pretty Women. Ladies who would retain freshness and vivacity. Don't fail to try "Well's Health Renewer."

Catarrhal throat affections, hacking coughs, colds, sore throat, cured by "Bough on Coughs." Troches 15 c. Liquid 25c.

"Bough on Itch," cures humors, eruptions, ring-worm, tetter, salt rheum, frosted feet, chilblains.

While awake three or four hours every night coughing, get immediate relief and a good rest by using Well's "Bough on Coughs." Troches 15c. Balsam 25c.

Slaughter of hats and millinery goods has begun at Mrs. Nash's, who has placed on sale her entire stock of hats and other millinery goods, at prices to suit all classes of customers. This sale will continue until they are all disposed of. Call and get a bargain.

Politics in Havana.

How Loyalty to the King of Spain Is Encouraged in Morro Castle.

[Havana Cor. Inter Oceanic]

Another story comes up of an ex-Treasurer Spinner. Of course his curious signatures on greenbacks made many people desirous of obtaining it in exchange for, and he received hundreds of other favors, and he received hundreds of requests annually for his autograph. For a time he answered each one in an autograph note, but the labor involved became so great that finally he had a printed form prepared running: "Your request of such a date is hereby complied with." Then when an autograph request came he simply signed his blank form and let it go at that.

One day a tall, raw-boned countryman walked into his office. "Morning," said he. "Good morning," said Spinner, looking up. "I come for that place you promised me," said the countryman, after an awkward pause. "Place!" said Spinner, crossly. "I promised you no place." "Yes, you did," insisted the countryman, stoutly. "I've saved the countryman, stoutly. "I've saved the countryman, stoutly. "I've saved